

An Excellent new Ballad,

E N T I T L E D,

LEADER-HAUGHS and YAROW,

To its own proper Tune.

*When Phœbus bright, the Azure Skies
with golden Rayes enlightneth,
These things sublunar he espies,
Herbs Trees and plants, he quick'neth
Among all those he makes his choice
and gladly goes he thorow,
With radiant Beams, and silver Streams,
through Leader-haughts and Yarow.*
2 *When Aries the Day and Night
in equal length divideth,
Old frosty Saturn takes the flight
no longer he abideth:
Then Flora Queen with Mantle green
casts off her deadly Sorrow,
And vows to dwell with Ceres sell
in Leader-haughts and Yarow.*
3 *Pan playing with his Oaten Reed,
with Shepherds him attending,
Doth here resort their Flocks to feed
the Hills and Haughts commending;
With Bottle, Bag, and Staff with Knag,
and all Singing good morrow;
They swear no Field more Pleasure yields,
then Leader-haughts and Yarow.*
4 *One House there stands on Leader side
surmounting my describing,
With ease Rooms rare, and Windows clear,
like Dedalus contriving,
Men passing by do often say,
in South it bath no Marrow;
It stands as fair on Leader Side,
as New wark does on Yarow,*
5 *A Mile below who lists to ride,
they'll hear the Mavis singing;
Into St. Leonards Banks she'll bide,
sweet Birks her Head o'er binging:
The Lintwhite loud, and Progne proud
with tender Threats and narrow
Into St. Leonard's Banks do sing
as sweetly as in Yarow*
6 *The Lapwing fliteth o'er the Lee
With nimble wings she Sporteth
But vows she'll not come neer the Tree,
where Philomel resorteth
By break of Day the Lark can say
I'll bid you all Good morrow
I'll yout and yell for I may dwell
In Leader-haughts and Yarow*
7 *Park Wanton walls and Wooden Clough
The East and Wester Maines
The Forrest of Lawder's fair enough,
the Corns are good in Plainlies;
Where Oats are fine and sold by Kind
that if you search all thorow
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, none better are
then Leader-haughts and Yarow
In Burn-Miln Bog and Whirshed-shaw
the fearful Hare she haunteth; (knaus.
Bridge-haugh and Broad-wood shell she
to the Chapell-wood frequenteth*

*Yet When she irks to Kidslie Birks
she runs and sighs for Sorrow.
That she should leave sweet Laderhaughts
and cannot Win to Yarow*
9 *What sweeter Musick would you hear
Than Hounds and Beigles Crying
The Hare waits not but flees for Fear
their Hare Pursuits Desying
But yet her Strength it fails at length
no biolding can she borrow
At Haggs Cleckmaes neer Soreles-field
but longs to be at Yarow
For Rack-wood, Ring-wood, Rival, Aimer
still thinking for to view her
O'er Dub and Dyke o'er Seugh and syke
she'll Run the Fields all thorow,
Yet ends Her Dayes in Leader-haughts
and bids farewell to Yarow,
Thou Eastlingtoun and Coldingknows
Where Homes had once commanding
And Drygrange with thy milke White Ems
twixt Tweed and Leader standing
The Birds that flies through Red Park Trees
And Gladiwood banks all thorow
May chant and sing sweet Leader-haughts
and the bonny banks of Yarow
But Burn cannot his Grief assuage
While as his Days endureth
To see the Changes of this Age
Which Day and Time procureth,
For many a Place stands in Hard Case
Where Burns was blyth beforrow
With Homes that dwelt on Leader side,
and Scots that dwelt in Yarow,*

The Words of BURN the Violer.

*What? shall my Viol silent be,
or leave her wonted Scriding?
But choise some sadder Elogie,
no Sports and Mirs deriding.
It must be fain with lower Strain
thn it was wont beforow
To sound the Praise of Leadet-haughts
and the bonny Banks of Yarow:
But Floods have overflown the Banks,
the greenish haughts Disgracing,
And Trees in Woods grow thin in Ranks;
about the Fields defacing:
For Waters waxes, Woods doth waind,
more if I could for Sorrow
In rural Verse I could rehearse:
of Leader-haughts and Yarow,
But Sighs and Sobs o'ersets my Breath
sore saltish Tears forth sending,
All Things sublunar here on Earth
are subject to an ending
So must my Song though somewhat long,
yet late at Even and Morrow
I'll sigh and sing sweet Leader-haughts
and the bonny Banks of Yarow.*

F I N I S,